

~~78~~ Laurie R. King,

best wishes,

Nephews

F O R E V E R

KNIGHT

Episode # 313

"Fever"

written by

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CAST

NICK KNIGHT
TRACY VETTER
NATALIE LAMBERT
LACROIX
CAPT. REESE
VACHON
SCREED
LINDA WYATT
CALVIN TUCKER
DAN GARRETT
PREACHER
GERALD

SETS

INT.	HOWSEN'S PHARMACEUTICAL - LINDA'S OFFICE	*
INT.	HOWSEN'S PHARMACEUTICAL - LAB	*
INT.	HOWSEN'S PHARMACEUTICAL - STAIRWELL	*
INT.	PRECINCT - INTERVIEW ROOM	
INT.	PRECINCT - BULLPEN	
INT.	PRECINCT - OBSERVATION ROOM	
INT.	VACHON'S CHURCH	
INT.	SCREED'S SEWER	
INT.	NICK'S LOFT	
INT.	PUBLIC HOUSE - LONDON - 1660'S	*
INT.	MORGUE	
INT.	CALVIN'S APARTMENT	
INT.	RAVEN	
EXT.	HOWARD'S PHARMACEUTICAL - ALLEY	
EXT.	HOWARD'S PHARMACEUTICAL	
EXT.	PRECINCT	
EXT.	STREETS OF LONDON - 1660'S - THE PLAGUE YEARS	
EXT.	LONDON - 1660'S	
EXT.	TORONTO - SUNRISE - STOCK	
EXT.	CORONER'S OFFICE	
EXT.	WATERFRONT	
EXT.	CEMETERY	

"Fever"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. HOWSEN PHARMACEUTICAL - LINDA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

1*

CLOSE ON A SYRINGE, then RACK FOCUS to reveal LINDA WYATT, late 20's, in a white lab coat, flicking the end of the needle, clearing out an air bubble. She moves to CALVIN TUCKER, sitting on an exam table with his sleeve rolled up. Cal is in his 30's, but looks older -- he's too thin, his skin is too pale. He has AIDS.

LINDA

You still working?

CALVIN

Teaching a class or two.

(beat)

They wouldn't let me see patients even if I felt up to it.

LINDA

No, I guess not.

(as she gives him the injection)

Your T-cells are holding at 120.

Still no symptoms?

Calvin rubs at the spot on the inside of his elbow where the needle went in.

CALVIN

Just the cough.

(beat, means it)

You're a lifesaver.

Linda smiles.

LINDA

Yeah, well, isn't that why we go into this business?

(putting away her equipment)

See you Thursday.

CALVIN

Wouldn't miss it for the world.

Cal pulls on his jacket and exits. Linda watches him go; a thoughtful look...

*
*

2 INT. HOWSEN PHARMACEUTICAL - LAB - LATER

2*

A big room with... numerous workstations; a long table with a couple of microscopes; extremely impressive mag spectrometers; a very large container of liquid nitrogen; a wall lined with glass cages, a white LAB RAT curled in sleep in each one. DAN GARRETT, lab assistant, about 22, lab-coated and gloved, is hastily packing a briefcase with notes and sample vials. He opens a glass case, and lifts out a rat.

Linda enters, carrying a rack of test tubes. Dan whirls, startled, drops the rat. It falls o.s. just as Linda notices Dan. She doesn't see the rat as it scampers along the floor as:

LINDA

Dan? What are you doing here?

DAN

(flustered)

Just catching up on some, uh, I needed my notes. You said you wanted them ready by tomorrow.

Linda knows right away something's very wrong here.

DAN (cont'd)

(off her look)

Uh... looks like another all-nighter, huh? I better get to it.

She gets a look into his briefcase as he scoops it up and heads for the door.

LINDA

What were you taking?

(off his non-response)

Dan.

She hurries after him.

2A INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

2A*

Dan hurries along, Linda hot on his heels. (NOTE: This can be played at the top of the following STAIRWELL ENTRANCE scene if required)

LINDA

Dan - where are you going? Why are you taking my work?

DAN

Linda, it's not what it looks like...

LINDA

Like hell it isn't...

2B INT. STAIRWELL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

2B*

Dan moves through the door, Linda has caught up. She grabs his arm, reaches for the briefcase. He tries to break her grip. As they struggle:

DAN

Linda, please--

LINDA

You're stealing my work.

DAN

Stop it!

She grabs at the papers. Dan shoves her; just trying to break free, but she slams back against the railing... and CRIES OUT... as she falls over the railing, lands o.s. on the floor below with a sickening thud.

Dan is panicked. He looks down at:

ON LINDA'S BODY

Motionless.

DAN (o.s.)

Linda.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Dan rushes down the stairs, moves to her body, kneels beside her, feels for a pulse as his panic churns away inside him. He takes her face in his hands, is about to plead with her to come to. But her head lolls to one side... her neck is broken. Seeing this, Dan slams back against a wall, staring down at her in disbelief. A moment's indecision, then he rushes o.s.

CAMERA ADJUSTS back down to Linda's face... no signs of life. Beat. And the white rat scurries INTO SHOT, takes a brief look/sniff in Linda's direction, then scurries o.s.

3 EXT. HOWSEN PAHARMACEUTICAL - ALLEY - NIGHT

3*

A FIGURE in a tattered greatcoat is moving along the alley, poking in dumpsters, singing an Irish drinking song to himself ("Tim Finnegan's Wake" would be good) as he goes. He climbs into a dumpster, poking around.

SCREED

'Oh, he'd a sort of tippling way, with
a love of the liquor poor Tim was born

-- '

THE DOOR

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

from the lab opens and Dan Garrett hurries out. Screed ducks down beside the dumpster until the man has passed, then re-emerges, his song resuming.

*

SCREED

'With a gallon of whisky every night
and a drop of the creature every
morn -- ' Hello!

In among the garbage in the dumpster, a mangy grey rat goes skittering away. Screed's arm flashes out, faster than human, and catches the creature.

Screed is about to chow down when he sees:

*

SCREED'S POV

The white lab rat. Looking like fresh ice cream compared to the usual pickings.

SCREED

drops the alley rat and moves stealthily toward the white one.

SCREED

Where'd you come from, little one?
Somebody's doin' old Screed nice, huh?

*

In one swift move, he's on the rat, scooping it up. He crouches against the wall, holding the plump lab rat in both hands, and as he lowers his face to drink from it.

We ZOOM in on the rat's belly, then ZOOM in further --

DISSOLVE TO:

4 INT. BLOODSTREAM - STOCK

4

Something viral is swimming in the rat. As ominous as something microscopic can be.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 EXT. HOWSEN PHARMACEUTICAL - ALLEY - NIGHT 5

Nick and Tracy are getting out of his car.

TRACY

What is it about these places that
always smell the same? Like they all
use the same cleaning service, "Lab
Smell Incorporated."

(off Nick's look)

You never noticed? It's like cherry
car deodorizer... only not.

NICK

I never noticed.

They move toward the building. Nick pauses, reacts to
something, a scent in the air, too weak for anyone but a
Vampire to notice -- a tiny whiff of blood.

TRACY

You see something?

NICK'S POV

over by the dumpster. Something white. Indistinguishable at
this distance.

RESUME

Nick moves toward the smell, drawn. Tracy follows him. They
get close enough to see:

*

NICK

Lab rat.

ON THE RAT

as Nick turns it over with a pen. Revealing the gouged
stomach -- the marks of Screed feeding.

TRACY

reacts.

TRACY

(hasty)

A cat must'a got it.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

Nick nods... pulls out an evidence bag and flicks the rat into it.

*
*

TRACY

You think it has anything to do with the case?

NICK

(a shrug)
It's fresh.

We PUSH IN on the bag in Nick's hand... a drop of blood from the carcass on the outside of the bag... Nick's hand brushing against it...

6 INT. BLOODSTREAM - STOCK

6

The virus swims. Contagion.

7 INT. HOWSEN PHARMACEUTICAL - STAIRWELL - NIGHT - LATER

7*

NATALIE and her crew are working by the body as NICK interviews... DAN GARRETT. He's clearly shaken.

*

NICK

Did Dr. Wyatt often work late?

DAN

There's a lot of demand for the equipment. We're underfunded, undersupplied... Linda was devoted to her work. Nights, weekends, whatever it took.

*

He breaks down, looks away as tears flow.

*

DAN (cont'd)

She must have slipped... they're always overwaxing the floors...

NICK

Then there's nothing missing?

DAN

No, nothing. I checked.
(beat)

*

You don't think someone -- ?

NICK

I don't think anything yet, Mr. Garrett.

*

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

He takes the evidence bag out of his coat -- the drained rat from the alley.

NICK
Could this be hers?

DAN
There'd be a tattoo by the right hind.
Hers were 700 series. Where did you get it?

Nick checks the tattoo.

NICK
Any idea how it might have gotten away?

DAN
We're very careful here, Detective, even with the animals that only carry harmless antigens.

(beat)
Sometimes we handle things, if they escaped the lab... The whole city would go down.

NICK
And this rat?

DAN
Linda's work wasn't like that.

NICK
What was she working on?

DAN
Immuno-deficiency. She was hoping to clone a benign virus that attacks HIV. She thought she was getting close.

(beat)
She was going to save lives.

Nick notices Tracy entering in the b.g., carrying a leather-bound desk calendar.

NICK
Thanks, that's all for now.

He moves over to where Tracy has joined Natalie.

NICK (cont'd)
Her assistant called it in. Seems to think it's an accident.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 2

7

NATALIE

That landing is pretty slick with wax.
You could go for a skate, maybe.
But "accidentally" fall over the
railing?

*
*
*
*
*

TRACY

(off the calendar)

I got her appointment calendar out of
her office. Looks like she had 3
visitors today after business hours.

(reading)

Janet Dornhoff, Derek Swanson, Calvin
Tucker.

*

NICK

That's where we'll start.

Natalie reacts, reaching for the calendar.

NATALIE

Calvin Tucker?

NICK

You know him?

NATALIE

Since Med School. He was on his way
to Chief of Surgery at Metro General.

*

NICK

(sensing there's more)

But....?

NATALIE

He got sick. AIDS.

(re the Lab)

Howsen Pharmaceutical isn't exactly
Fortune 500. Old equipment,
second-string research grants. What
would Cal have been doing here?

*

8 EXT. PRECINCT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

8

CALVIN (O.S.)

I was looking for a miracle.

9 INT. PRECINCT - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

9

Calvin Tucker sits at the table. Natalie is there with Nick
and Tracy; they're letting her do most of the talking.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

CALVIN

Linda was working on an experimental treatment. She needed Guinea Pigs.

(a shrug)

I was desperate enough.

NATALIE

First trials? Cal, you're a doctor, you know the risks --

CALVIN

Natalie, I've been sick for four years. I've already outlived a half-dozen friends who were diagnosed about the same time I was. If Linda Wyatt was onto something, I wanted in.

(to Nick)

The approval process for a new drug can take 2 years, 4 years, 10 years.

(to Natalie)

More time than I have.

(beat)

When you're looking into the face of death, you'll try anything. Believe me.

Nick's look is faraway. Flashback face.

10 EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - THE PLAGUE YEARS (1660'S) - NIGHT

10

Most of the houses are shut up tight, many with the white X's on the doors that indicate infection. The bodies of the dead lie in the gutters, awaiting collection.

Lacroix is crouched over one of the bodies. He stands, moves to join Nick.

LACROIX

(with a delicate shudder)

I haven't had a healthy meal in weeks. They all have the taste of ~~the~~ plague in them.

(beat)

London used to be such a nice city. We should think about moving on.

NICK

I thought you thrived on human suffering.

LACROIX

Disasters provide a useful distraction, Nicholas.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

LACROIX (cont'd)

Don't underestimate them. A few more dead aren't noticed here, nor the way of their going.

(off the bodies)

But there is such a thing as too much of a good thing. And besides, they've

close ~~about~~ the theater. I hate a city without a ~~good nightlife~~ *culture*.

(it's decided)

We'll go to Italy.

But Nick's attention has been drawn by a young man moving past them, heading for the end of the street. This is GERALD, a doctor. He wears a cloth over his nose and mouth. He glances back at Nick... a troubled look, then continues on his way. Nick wonders about that look, starts to follow.

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LACROIX

Nicholas, leave him.

But Nick is following, and Lacroix shrugs and moves after him.

11 EXT. NEXT STREET - CONTINUOUS

11

Gerald joins a small crowd gathered around a PREACHER who stands on a stoop, proclaiming.

*

PREACHER

We are creatures of death, my children. We are rotting on the inside from the day we are born. Look to your souls, and tell me they are not rotten with sin!

Nick reacts, shoots a look at Lacroix, who just shrugs, bemused. During this, Nick notices Gerald studying him as inconspicuously as possible.

*
*

PREACHER (cont'd)

It is God who gives life, and health. It is by his grace that we are spared to live our few years on this earth. But look around you, look at your neighbors -- God has not spared this city! Because it is a city of sin!

The Preacher grabs a woman out of the crowd, throws back the hood of her cloak to reveal the lesions of the plague.

PREACHER (cont'd)

These are the marks of evil!

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

The crowd draws back even as the woman struggles with him. They shout at her, spit at her.

PREACHER

The evil have fallen in great numbers, and more will fall before God is done with London. But the righteous will survive. God will protect he who is without sin. Sickness shall not touch him.

Nick is appalled. But Lacroix is amused.

LACROIX

(to Nick)

Well spoken, wouldn't you say?

Gerald steps forward from the crowd, lowers the cloth from his face. He detaches the Preacher's grasp from the scared young woman, turns to face the crowd.

*
*

GERALD

Is this Christian charity? This poor child has done no wrong.

BOOS from the crowd. Gerald keeps trying.

GERALD (cont'd)

There's not a block in this city I haven't visited to tend the sick. Not a house that's safe from this terrible illness. Righteous and sinners alike. Tavernkeepers and priests. We are all equal in the eyes of this plague.

Lacroix reacts with a smile, pleased by the irony.

LACROIX

Not quite all of us.

He moves away. Nick lingers a moment, looking at Gerald.

12 INT. PRECINCT - SQUADROOM - NIGHT

12

Nick, Nat and Tracy move into the Squadroom, their interviews done.

TRACY

Well, that's three for three. Seems like everyone who knew Linda Wyatt thought she was a saint. A miracle worker.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

NICK

Is it possible there's actually something to this cure of hers?

TRACY

Are you thinking industrial espionage?

NICK

If this worked, it would be worth a lot of money.

NATALIE

If it worked, it would be worth the nobel prize.

They both react to the ragged emotion in her voice.

NICK

Nat, I'm sorry, your friend --

NATALIE

He's thirty-five and he looks fifty-five.

(angry and frustrated)
He's dying. Is it any wonder he'd latch onto anyone with a theory, any kind of treatment or magic crystal?

NICK

Nat --

He reaches to comfort her. She pulls away, pulling herself together.

NATALIE

I'm all right. Just tired.
(to Tracy)

Have some samples of whatever Linda Wyatt was working on sent over. I'll take a look tomorrow and see if there's anything worth stealing.

TRACY

(sympathetic)
Sure. Anything else you need?

NATALIE

Right now, sleep.

She moves out.

TRACY

(to Nick)
She gonna be okay?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 2

12

NICK
(looking after her)
Sure.
(he shakes it off, checks
his watch)
We might as well head home, too.

He heads out. Tracy looks after him a moment, then makes a decision. Moves purposefully toward the door.

13 EXT. TORONTO - SUNRISE - ESTABLISHING (STOCK)

13

14 INT. VACHON'S CHURCH - DAWN

14

Tracy pushes open the door, peering into the gloom.

TRACY
Vachon?

She steps inside, the door closes behind her. She scans around... then Vachon steps out of the shadows behind her, taps her on the shoulder. She startles.

*
*
*

TRACY
Don't do that.

*
*

Vachon just smiles.

*

VACHON
Next time, knock.

*
*

He moves toward a comfortable place to sit...

*

VACHON (cont'd)
(wryly)
So... Some weather we're having.

*
*
*

TRACY
I'm looking for a friend of yours.
(off his look)
Crime scene, tonight. We found a rat.
...Partially chewed?

*
*
*
*
*

Vachon stops. Faces her.

*

VACHON
Really. Don't tell me you've been
demoted to ratricide.

*
*
*

TRACY
A woman was killed. I think Screed
was in the neighbourhood.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

VACHON

He wouldn't be much good on the witness stand -- assuming you could get him there.

TRACY

He might be able to give me a lead -- something he saw. Or heard.

There's only a slight hesitation before Vachon gallantly bows, touches his lips to her hand:

VACHON

Your obedient servant.

15 INT. SCREED'S SEWER - DAY

15

Vachon and Tracy move through the dim underground space. Tracy peering into the darkness. Tracy grimaces slightly as she sees:

A pile of gutted rats -- a big pile, Screed's been gorging.

Vachon reacts to some vamp sense, his sensitive hearing picking up breathing.... he's just starting to look up when

SCREED

comes out of nowhere, hits the ground on all fours, and dives at Tracy, grabbing for her neck.

TRACY

only has time to fall back with a gasp as

VACHON

gets between them and hangs onto Screed.

VACHON

Hands off!

Screed struggles with him.

SCREED

Smell her, V-man.. Fruit in her veins, best vino on earth.

Vachon shoves him against the far wall hard enough to knock the wind out of him.

*

VACHON

I said forget it.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

*

Screed collapses against the wall, pulling his knees up.

SCREED

Hungry man'll take any wine, jack, any
loaf you got. First kill, any kill,
jacks, jills...

(re Tracy)

Even sweet baby jane.

Vachon twists Screed's face around to look at him. His eyes
are sunken, rimmed with red. His mouth hanging open like a
baby bird.

TRACY

What's he saying?

VACHON

First night. First feeding. You wake
up so hungry, you'll do anything for
the blood you need. Take anyone --
enemy, friend, lover.

(re Screed)

If your first kill isn't human, you
don't hunger for humans.

SCREED

(to no one in particular)

Got me dingos into a squealer that
first night, I did. The rest is
history.

He chuckles to himself... then winces in obvious discomfort.

TRACY

(to Vachon)

But he tried for me.

SCREED

Gotta have something.

Screed presses a hand to his mouth, his eyes desperate.

VACHON

(it clicks)

He's starving.

He pulls Screed's hand away from his mouth. There are bloody
marks on the palm -- Screed has been trying to consume
himself. Screed shrieks a protest at Vachon, an inhuman
scream of hunger and need, trying to pull his hand back from
Vachon and get it back into his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 2

15

Vachon considers him a moment, then pushes up a sleeve and gives Screed his arm. Screed grabs it with both hands, holds it to his mouth, locking onto the vein in the forearm. Tracy looks away. Vachon barely winces at the prick.

TRACY

This isn't... normal?

VACHON

No.

He's looking down at Screed with the fondness you'd have for a pet. Strokes the top of his head absently. Reacts, lifts his hand -- a sheen of blood.

TRACY

He's sick.

VACHON

He can't be. We can't get sick.

(realizing)

But I think you're right.

And off that realization, we PUSH IN on Screed as he releases Vachon's arm... the two pricks on Vachon's forearm, a bead of blood standing out on each, and

DISSOLVE TO:

16 INT. BLOODSTREAM - STOCK

16

Whatever it is, it's in Vachon now.

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

17 INT. SCREED'S SEWER - DAY

17

Screed's curled up in a corner, a tatty blanket wrapped around him. He's trembling, sweating blood. Vachon kneels beside him, offering him a bottle.

VACHON

You have to keep feeding. Keep your strength up.

Screed takes an unsteady swig, coughs badly.

SCREED

Takes me back, it does, boyo. Two weeks out of Tahiti, we was, and every manjack down with the heebie jeebies. Captain locked in his cabin and the rest of us giving the old heave-ho over the rail.

A shudder racks him and he grabs at Vachon's hand. Vachon stares at him with wide eyes -- still hard to believe this is happening.

SCREED

Thought we'd die, we did. Lot of 'em did. Surgeon bleedin' em dry to suck out the fevers, poor buggers.

(softer)

Forgotten what it felt like. Death.

VACHON

You'll be okay.

SCREED

Have to be, don't I? Somebody's gotta look after you lot.

18 EXT. TORONTO - SUNSET - ESTABLISHING (STOCK)

18

19 INT. NICK'S LOFT - SUNSET

19

Nick, scrubbing wet hair with a towel, opens the fridge, produces a bottle, uncorks it and has a taste as he crosses to the shutter remote. He scoops it up, activates it, the shutters rise open, beat, he looks at the last rays of the day streaming in. Then:

*
*
*

THE WINDOW

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

smashes inward and VACHON lands. Looking a little manic. He pats at a smoking arm as he steps from the sunlight.

VACHON
(re: the window)
Your insurance cover that?

*
*

Nick is annoyed but curious. Off his look to Vachon:

*

VACHON (cont'd)
Sorry about the entrance. I underestimated -- the sun's still up.
(off Nick's look)
I'll pay for the window.

NICK
(not impressed)
I take it you need something?

VACHON
Your doctor friend.

Nick doesn't want these worlds to cross.

NICK
What for?

VACHON
I'm won't bother her, Knight. I need her help. I've got a sick friend.

NICK
Natalie's not that kind of doctor.

VACHON
(a shrug)
I hear she's pretty good with the dead and undead.
(more serious, but it's like he's on some kind of jag)
I can't take this one to the Emergency Room. What would I tell them? He's allergic to penicillin, garlic, sunlight, crosses, and food. And, oh, yeah, he's about 450, and he can fly.

Nick watches Vachon... his strange behaviour.

NICK
One of us?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 2

19

VACHON

Screed. Tracy says he put the bite
on some kind of experimental rat. I
guess he picked up something.

*

NICK

That's impossible.

VACHON

Maybe, but it's true.

(beat)

I've seen sick, Knight. The fever,
the shakes, the way they breathe....
I'm seeing it now. I've been feeding
him all day and he's still starving.

(re the bottle Nick still

holds)

You gonna drink that?

Nick hands it to him, distractedly, and as Vachon swigs it
down --

20 INT. PUBLIC HOUSE - LONDON - THE PLAGUE YEARS - DAY

20*

Nick and Lacroix sit in a darkened corner. Lacroix pours them
each a "drink" from a flask-like container of the period.
The pub is as full as possible with ragged low-life drinkers.
HEAR the din of their racous conversation.

*

*

*

*

Nick and Lacroix are surprised to be joined by... Gerald.
Sans drink. Lacroix and Nick exchange a look as Gerald sits,
lowers the cloth mask from his nose and mouth, then:

*

*

*

LACROIX

The young doctor, is it not?

GERALD

Gerald Archer.

NICK

I've seen you at work. You are kept
quite busy.

GERALD

There are more sick every day -- and
fewer doctors willing to see to them.
Most of my colleagues have left the
city, if they could, or shut
themselves up in their houses.

(blurts it out:)

Sirs, I have watched you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

GERALD (cont'd)

You move about the city with no fear,
no cloth over the face, no garlic
about the neck to ward off the plague.
You stay in the center of all this
death, and yet you have your health.

LACROIX

Perhaps we are righteous men, as the
good Father Laird suggests.

GERALD

Righteousness does not guard a man
from illness.

(canny)

But I believe you know what does.

(pleading)

Sirs, if you have a physic of some
sort which can ward off this black
death, I beg you to share it with me.

Nick is touched by the plea.

NICK

I wish I could help you.

GERALD

Please. I must live... I must
continue my work.

Nick and Lacroix exchange a look.

LACROIX

If we had such a physic, it would not
be without price.

GERALD

Anything.

Lacroix shrugs, giving his permission to Nick:

LACROIX

Free consent, freely given.

(dark)

Let him be saved.

Lacroix rises, positions himself to obscure Nick and Gerald
from the view of the patrons, has a little sip, as:

Nick turns to Gerald, baring his fangs, and off Gerald's
reaction --

*
*
*
*

21 EXT. CORONER'S OFFICE - ESTABLISHING

21

NICK (O.S.)

Is it possible?

22 INT. NAT'S LAB - NIGHT

22

Mid-scene. Natalie scrubs up while she talks to Nick.

NATALIE

You tell me.

NICK

Nothing has ever touched a Vampire.
Not bubonic plague, not leprosy, not
influenza, not Ebola.

NATALIE

Not AIDS.

NICK

Not anything. Stay away from sun
and sharp sticks, you live forever.
That's supposed to be the deal.

NATALIE

And God just changed the deal.
(off his surprised look)
Or nature, or Gaia, or whatever you
want to call it.

(earnest)

Look, Nick, in the past 50 years we've
made some major changes to this
planet. We've pushed further into the
rain forests, further into cellular
structure. We're finding new things
every day -- new medicines, and new
diseases.

(beat)

Is it possible there's something in
the world that could infect you guys?
Anything's possible.

NICK

I'm not talking about something that
walked out of the jungle. Screed got
it from Linda Wyatt's rat. What if,
whatever this is, she made it?

And off Natalie's look --

23 INT. SCREED'S SEWER - NIGHT

23

Natalie is finishing her examination of Screed. He's looking
worse than before -- pale as death, eyes sunken, drenched in
a sheen of pale pink sweat. Vachon hovers anxiously, getting
in the way.

Natalie puts away her stethoscope and blood pressure gauge,
and a vial of Screed's blood, gives Vachon a cursory
glance and moves to Nick.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

NATALIE

(sotto)

High fever, extreme hunger, delirium.
If he were human, I'd prescribe
antibiotics, but...

(beat)

He's bleeding out, Nick.

(off his questioning look)

It's an effect of a multiplying
retrovirus. The cell walls start to
break down and the lungs and abdomen
fill with fluid -- in this case,
blood... and then the brain.

(her meaning clear)

It's the final stage.

ON VACHON

He'd be out of earshot if he were human -- but he's not.
He's heard it all. He looks down at Screed in realization.
He's losing him. Screed has also overheard... pretends he
didn't, in some kind of denial.

SCREED

(a whisper, re Nat)

Nice bit of toast, that.

VACHON

She's a doctor, Screed.

SCREED

Can't be. Didn't try leeches or
nothing.

Screed's mood-lightening attempt is quite touching. Vachon
forces a smile...

NICK

is touched by the scene -- the friendship. Looks to Natalie:

NICK

You can't do anything?

NATALIE

I'll get the samples back to the lab,
but there's not much time, and I
don't really know what to look for.

(beat)

I'll let you know.

Nick nods, looks o.s. toward Screed, and go to:

24 INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

24

Tracy falls in beside Nick as he enters.

TRACY

Where you been?

NICK

Visiting a sick friend.

She takes this cliché as a "none of your business" brushoff.

TRACY

Didn't mean to pry.

(to business)

I've been looking over Linda Wyatt's records. And I noticed something.

*

They've reached her desk, and she picks up a computer printout, hands it to him. As he studies it:

*

*

TRACY

Natalie's friend Calvin Tucker? He was on a placebo.

(explaining)

Linda Wyatt needed a control group. Half her patients were getting saline injections.

NICK

You think Tucker knew?

TRACY

She wouldn't have revealed that to anyone in the control group. But Tucker's a doctor. What if he figured out she wasn't giving him anything? That even if her stuff works, it's not working on him.

NICK

So he killed her?

TRACY

Well, he wants to live, doesn't he? What would he do if he thought she was withholding a cure?

She has a point. Nick nods.

NICK

Let's talk to him.

25 INT. CALVIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

25

Mid-scene. Nick and Tracy have told Calvin. He's shaking his head in a sort of hysterical bemusement.

CALVIN

Too perfect.

(beat)

I'm a very conservative doctor, myself -- some say too much so. I like to stick to established treatments.

(beat)

It's funny how the world looks different when you're the one being told there is no treatment for what you've got.

(beat)

So I went to Linda. I went against everything I've learned, everything I advise, and I went on her program.

(a harsh laugh)

Ten cc's of salt water twice a week for my trouble.

NICK

Then you didn't know you were on a placebo.

CALVIN

Know? Detective, let me explain to you what kind of sucker I am.

(in disgust)

I thought her stuff was working. Six months without an opportunistic infection, my T-cells were up, I thought it was helping.

(a sigh)

Because I wanted it so bad.

Nick and Tracy exchange a look, realizing they've just revealed a secret that has destroyed any hope Tucker had.

NICK

...We're sorry we had to tell you.

CALVIN

(not looking at them)

No. No, it's fine. You've uh... got your own problems...

On Nick and Tracy... go to:

26 EXT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

26

Nick and Tracy are getting out of his car.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

NICK
I believed him.

TRACY
Yeah, me too.
(reaching)
But the theory might be --

Nick's looking a little peaked. He stumbles on the curb as he comes around the car.

TRACY
You okay?

NICK
Sure.

But he looks dizzy.

NICK'S POV

Tracy separates, blurs, then resolves into a clear image. His POV PUSHES IN on the join of her neck, the steady pulse of her vein visible and audible. Her voice comes from far away:

TRACY
The theory might be okay. Maybe one
of her other patients --
(off his look)
No?

NICK

the wave of whatever passes.

NICK
We'll keep looking.

27 INT. SCREED'S SEWER - NIGHT

27

It's near the end. Screed is breathing only shallowly, leaning limply in his corner, arms wrapped around his midsection. He's white as a corpse.

SCREED
Old body gives up on you one way or
t'other, boyo. The big stick or
nothing in the old vannies, same end.
Even the bleedin' undead gotta go
sometime.

This is not okay with Vachon. He grabs a half-empty bottle, shoves it at Screed.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

VACHON

Keep drinking, Screed. You gotta
feed, that's all.

Screed pushes it weakly away, shaking his head. Beat. Screed
looks up to Vachon, then away... his fate staring him in the
face.

SCREED

No word from the girlie doc...?

VACHON

No.

SCREED

(nods, then:)

Man's got a right to know what's doin'
him in.

(beat)

Vampires all over the world... Old
Screed gets the spoiled meat.

His fear - the emotions - surge to the surface.

SCREED (cont'd)

Why? Why the Screed man, eh? Never
done nothin' to no one. Cleanin' up
the sewers for the public health - not
one soul on my conscience...

(fighting back sobs)

...Why?

Beat. Vachon has no answer. He sits beside his old friend,
puts his arm around him and holds him, rocks him ever so
gently. Screed fights off the wave of emotions, tries to
summon his humour...

SCREED

We had a good run, eh? A bit of fun.
Can't say none better'n that.

VACHON

(staring off)

That's a fact.

Screed scans his home... shakes his head.

SCREED

Been too busy to pick up after myself,
sorry to say. ...Meant to give it a
good scrub. Tidy it up. Just needs a
little spit and polish, eh?

(beat)

Do me one, boyo? One last.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 2

27

VACHON

(means it)
Anything.

SCREED

Put me bones down by the water, if
ya' can. Bury 'em good in the sand.
(beat, a bare whisper)
I never was right on land.

*
*

That's it. He's gone. Vachon continues to stare off, not
able to look at Screed; feeling the life go out of him. It
only makes Vachon hold him even tighter. A frozen moment,
and we:

*
*
*
*

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

28 INT. RAVEN - NIGHT

28

Lacroix moves through the club, master of all he surveys,
Nick on his heels.

NICK
How is this possible?

LACROIX
It's not possible, Nicholas. It's
fantasy.

NICK
I saw him, Lacroix.
(intense)
He was dying.

LACROIX
Nonsense. We're immortal.

They've reached the bar. Lacroix pours a glass of 'wine,'
reacts in mild surprise as Nick reaches for his and drinks it
at speed, sets the glass down. Lacroix pours another...

LACROIX
It's a convenient fantasy you've
constructed, Nicholas. A danger to
the Vampire Community. Something that
strikes only at us, leaving your
beloved mortals sleeping safely in
their beds, never knowing that an
invisible people have been killed off
by some germ.

Lacroix takes a sip from the same glass Nick just drank
from...

LACROIX (cont'd)
(beat)
We are not so easy to eradicate.

Nick pours himself another glass, not even noticing the
extent of his hunger. Lacroix does notice, but does not
comment.

LACROIX (cont'd)
Men have struck at us with fire and
with lies, and we have survived. We
are still here.
(beat)
I am still here.

ON Nick, his reaction, we FLASHBACK TO:

29 INT. PUBLIC HOUSE - LONDON - THE PLAGUE YEARS - NIGHT

29*

The Preacher takes curt leave of Lacroix, hurries out, passing Nick on the way in. Nick watches him go as Lacroix moves to him, irritated.

LACROIX

It seems our young doctor friend was not the only one with suspicions about us.

(off Nick's look)

Father Laird is most alarmed. He feels we may have had a hand in the doctor's most recent... odd behaviour.

NICK

Why? As long as the doctor is discrete...

LACROIX

Ah. Would that were the case. But I'm sorry to say he's become careless.

NICK

What are you talking about?

LACROIX

Apparently the sick are dying much faster in Doctor Archer's dispensary than they have a habit of doing on their own. The good Father Laird was here to inquire if I could explain the strange marks on the necks of his patients.

(beat)

Would you care to make the explanations?

NICK

I don't believe it. This isn't like him.

Lacroix doesn't even bother to argue.

LACROIX

I leave tonight. I suggest you come with me, before the good Reverend returns with holy water and a stake.

But Nick is already on his way out the door.

30 EXT. LONDON - THE PLAGUE YEARS - NIGHT

30

Gerald is just completing a kill as Nick LANDS beside him.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

NICK

Gerald!

Gerald turns, his smile tinged with blood.

GERALD

Nicholas. My saviour.

NICK

(disgusted)

I saved you for a reason, Gerald. I gave you life so that you could help people. Tend the sick.

GERALD

You made me a Vampire. A man who need never worry about sickness, or death.

(re the body at his feet)

They are mere candles, barely lit before any wind extinguishes them. It is only we who know life, real life -- life unending.

NICK

This isn't life. This is a shadow of life. What about your practice? Your work?

GERALD

Playthings of a man who believed he had but a short time to make his mark.

(a manic look)

Less than nothing to a man who has forever.

NICK

(disillusioned)

I have destroyed you.

GERALD

No, my friend. You have given me deliverance.

*

31 EXT. TORONTO - SUNRISE - ESTABLISHING

31

32 INT. VACHON'S CHURCH - DAY

32

Four or five wooden boxes are broken open on the floor, the empty bottles that were their contents strewn about. Vachon is ripping the last crate open barehanded. He pulls a bottle out, uncorks it, guzzles as much as he can... then falls back on his heels, head hanging.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

The door opens, letting in a ray of sun. Vachon backs away... The bottle slips from his grasp and smashes, spilling its contents. And Tracy enters. Looks down to the smashed bottle. Then she looks to him, a questioning look.

*
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*
*

He hastily wipes a hand across his mouth, straightens, trying for normality.

VACHON

Close the door.

She does, thinking she know the reason for his state. She turns to him.

*
*

TRACY

...Screed?

*

He shakes his head.

VACHON

Dead.

TRACY

(beat)

...I'm so sorry.

VACHON

I'll bury him tonight. Down by the harbor. He used to be a sailor, you know.

She just nods, sympathetic, not knowing what to say.

VACHON (cont'd)

You know they used to scatter seeds on our graves? Vampires, I mean. There was this myth that we were obsessed with counting things. The idea was that when we woke we'd stop to count the seeds, and still be there when the sun came up.

(hokey Transylvanian accent)

Two million and one, two million and two...

Tracy can't help laughing at the image. Then, more serious:

TRACY

I guess people needed something to make them feel safe. You know, like the garlic --

VACHON

Oh, the garlic works.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 2

32

He laughs, a rough laugh that turns into racked cough. Tracy reacts.

TRACY

Are you okay?

VACHON

I've been better.

*

VACHON'S POV

Like Nick's before, it's blurry, out of focus, then PUSHING IN on the flutter of pulse at Tracy's throat. The sound of her heartbeat is filling the room.

VACHON

moves toward her. Locking eyes.

VACHON

Screed was right. You do smell like fruit.

TRACY

Must be my shampoo.

VACHON

No, it's inside you...

It's a low growl as he reaches her, places two fingers at her collarbone. He circles her, the fingers trailing a line around her neck; she stands immobile, every sense aroused, following him with her eyes as:

VACHON

Every woman has her own scent, her own flavor. Your blood is who you are. Taste of apricots, scent of calla lillies...

He stops behind her, places his hands on her shoulders, almost encircling her throat.

VACHON

Every drop tells its story.

If Tracy had any sense she'd move, pull her gun, kick him wherever she can reach. But who has sense with a vampire's hands on them? Her head falls back and Vachon's fangs descend, he strokes her hair back from her throat...

And then he finds the strength to push her away, to fall back against the far wall, plastering himself there, reaching for control.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 3

32

TRACY

What --

VACHON

Go! Get out. Now.

She reacts to the ragged edge in his voice, takes a step toward him.

VACHON

NO!

(quieter, but forced)

Don't you understand, it's the hunger,
the first hunger.

(as hard as he can)

Get away from me before it's too late.

His eyes are glowing green in the darkness. Tracy shows enough sense to get out, pulling open the big door.

Vachon stares after her for a moment, stares at the beam of sunlight from the still-open door. He takes a step toward it, some kind of temptation driving him...

Then he slams the big oak door shut and grabs the last full bottle out of its case, and takes a swallow as he slides down the wall to sit huddled, knees drawn up, bottle cradled before him.

33 EXT. TORONTO - SUNSET - ESTABLISHING

33

34 INT. NATALIE'S LAB - EVENING

34

Natalie's at work at a centrifuge, distilling something. Tracy enters. Pulls up a stool.

TRACY

(studied casual)

So, um, you had a chance to look at
those samples from Howsen
pharmaceutical yet?

(how to ask)

Find anything... interesting?

NATALIE

I don't think she was about to win a
nobel prize.

(indicating a row of test
tubes)

The antiviral has very low viability.
I'm getting fragments, dead samples,
nothing I can really take a look at.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

TRACY

Nothing worth stealing. Or killing over.

NATALIE

Not so far.

A digital timer on Nat's workbench beeps and she takes a pipette, moves to a set of drips set up at the other side of the room. As she turns her attention to adding a few drops of something to a line of test tubes, Tracy's eyes go to --

TRACY'S POV

a white medical cooler sitting on the desk near the fridge. The words "Donated Blood" on the label.

TRACY

as casually as possible, moves to the desk, pokes around as idly as she can manage, keeping half an eye on Natalie. Nat doesn't seem to notice.

NATALIE

(as she works)

I'm thinking about calling Cal. If he's been on this stuff for six months, I may be able to get a better breakdown from a sample of his blood, see whether it was having any affect on the HIV.

TRACY

Nick didn't tell you? He wasn't on the stuff. He was a control.

Nat reacts in surprise, turning to face Tracy just as Tracy starts to slide the lid off the cooler. Tracy freezes, looking as innocent as she can.

NATALIE

You're kidding.

Tracy just shakes her head, not daring to move her hand off the cooler. Natalie turns back to her work and Tracy relaxes as --

NATALIE

It's idiotic, I know... I should know better... but I was hoping it was working. Hoping Cal...

TRACY

(understanding)
Hoping he'd live.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 2

34

NATALIE

It's so hard to watch him go... he's not the first... You start to wonder who else you'll lose...

(shakes her head, trying to snap out of it)

You want to do something about it.

Tracy's managed to slip a couple of pint bags of blood into her jacket. She looks innocent as Nat turns to her.

TRACY

I guess everyone must feel that way when someone they care about is sick.

NATALIE

I wonder if everybody feels as useless as I do right now.

(explaining)

You go into medical school thinking you're going to save lives. Save the world. And maybe if I'd graduated a few years later, after AIDS broke, I'd have done something different. I'd be like Linda Wyatt, looking for a cure, giving a few people a few more years.

(beat)

Instead of staying up all night figuring out who pushed her over a railing.

*

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*

TRACY

That's important too.

NATALIE

I know.

(tired)

But every once in a while I just wish I could help someone before it was too late.

Their eyes meet, an understanding there. The moment is interrupted by Nick's entrance. Tracy takes advantage of the distraction to head for the door, keeping her stolen blood concealed.

TRACY

Listen, I gotta go.

(to Nick)

I'll catch up with you later.

He nods acknowledgement, something else on his mind. She moves out. Nat looks at Nick.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 3

34

NATALIE

Something wrong?

NICK

You could say that.

(beat, they both know what
this means)

I'm hungry... and I'm hot.

She reacts, puts a hand to his forehead. It is, indeed, warm to the touch -- and when she takes her hand away, there's a smear of red where she touched him -- blood sweat.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

35 INT. NATALIE'S LAB - NIGHT

35

Nick sits on one of the tables, shivering a little in shirtsleeves. Nat removes a thermometer from his mouth and studies it.

*
*

NATALIE
You having any kind of dizziness?
Nausea? D.T's?

NICK
It's the hunger, mainly... and the fever.

NATALIE
(amused)
Your temperature's 98 degrees. Not quite human normal.

NICK
Well, it feels like a fever to me.

NATALIE
(more sympathetic)
I know. I'm sorry.

A spasm goes through Nick. He wraps his arms around his midsection, eyes going glassy for a second.

NATALIE
Nick?

NICK
(a gasp)
I have to feed.

He stumbles off the table and over to the fridge. Natalie is next to him immediately. She can't stop him physically, but:

NATALIE
Nick, no!

He hesitates long enough for her to explain:

NATALIE
This virus of Linda Wyatt's can't live in saline, it can't live in air. The only viable specimen I've gotten is from the blood left in that rat.
(beat, an awful thought)
...Did you touch it?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

NICK

I uh... maybe. I'm not sure. Why?

NATALIE

If this disease is transmitted by
simple contact...

NICK

(realizing)

...The entire vampire community is at
risk.Beat. They hold each other's look... then Nat snaps back to
business.

NATALIE

Okay... okay. From what I've seen of
what it does in your body, and in your
friend Screed's. It binds to the
Vampire elements in your blood and
starts multiplying. The more you
drink, the more you give it to feed
on, the faster it grows.

(beat)

You haven't progressed as far or as
fast because your blood intake is
restricted. Well, relatively.

(with emphasis)

The progress you've made, Nick. It
saved you. But you can't stop now.Nick's eyes are drawn to that vein in her neck. He pushes
her aside, backing up, covering his eyes.

NICK

I can't. The hunger...

NATALIE

You have to, Nick. The blood will
kill you.

NICK

(a challenge)

And staying off it will save me?

She can't lie to him.

NATALIE

No, not unless I find a way to
neutralize the virus. But it'll slow
it down, give you a little more time.

NICK

Slow or fast, what's the difference?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 2

35

She looks at him through narrowed eyes. What's he saying?

NICK

Maybe this is meant to happen, Nat.

(a bitter laugh)

What if Nature's finally decided its
had enough of unnatural creatures
feeding on the world? Maybe this is
Nature's way of getting rid of us.

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*
*
*

36 EXT. LONDON - THE PLAGUE YEARS - NIGHT

36

RESUME where we left off, Gerald standing with Nick over a
drained body.

NICK

I should not have made you.

He turns and starts to walk away. Then, an O.S. shout:

VOICE (O.S.)

There he is!

ANOTHER VOICE

There's the killer!

NICK

Quickly!

GERALD

(smug)

Let them come.

NICK

Are you mad?

GERALD

They are only men.

A MOB rounds the corner and surrounds them, led by the
PREACHER. They carry torches.

PREACHER

There is the man whose false medicine
has gone against God.

GERALD

Away from me, Father. I give no
medicine.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

PREACHER

Explain then, how you still live? For months you have gone into sick houses, and allowed the sick to come to you, yet you have shown no sign of the plague. What pact with the devil is this?

NICK

(trying to defuse the mob's anger)

Is it a pact with the devil to have medicine, to survive?

PREACHER

It is for God, and God alone, to decide who shall live, and who shall die. His plague is the word of God, giving the evil man pause, sparing the man of righteous faith.

(to Gerald)

Those who come to you die, and you grow stronger. What sorcery is this?

Gerald, arrogant in his strength, grabs the Preacher, baring his fangs, his eyes changing.

GERALD

Come and see.

The Mob rushes them as Gerald is about to strike. Nick and Gerald are separated in the melee, Nick throwing off attackers and seeking only to escape.

The Preacher fumbles in his robes and raises his CROSS in Gerald's face. Gerald falls back, and the Preacher grabs a TORCH from one of the other men and thrusts it at Gerald.

Gerald catches fire and goes down, screaming.

Nick can do nothing for him. He escapes into the sky and, we presume, to Italy.

37 INT. NATALIE'S LAB - NIGHT - RESUME

37

*

NICK

(thinking aloud)

Divine justice.

*

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

NATALIE

Don't you dare.

(real anger)

God sends sickness to punish the wicked? To wipe the unnatural from the earth?

(the heart of it)

So what about Calvin? No way, Nick. I've seen too many good friends with AIDS, with cancer, with pneumonia.

(spelling it out)

God does not choose.

He sees her anger, doesn't argue with her, but:

NICK

Natalie. I'm the last to claim to know what God does. I stepped out of that light too long ago. But whoever sent it, however it came about, this plague does nature's work. It kills Vampires.

NATALIE

It's killing you. Is that the mortality you've been looking for?

NICK

(quiet)

Maybe the only kind I'm allowed.

Nat's so angry she stares at him for a second before letting him have it.

NATALIE

Don't give me that crap.

(furious)

How can you stand there and not care if you die? Not care how I'm going to feel when I'm the one left standing here? You want to give up and die? Maybe you want to explain that to someone like Cal. Someone who'd give anything in the world just to live a little longer.

He holds his look a moment then turns and moves towards her desk.

HOLD ON NICK, his expression... and go to:

*

*

*

38 INT. VACHON'S CHURCH - NIGHT

38

Vachon's in his bed, face down, breathing shallowly. The door cracks and Tracy comes in, tiptoes over to him.

TRACY

Vachon?

He stirs, looks up. She hastily pulls out one of the blood packs she took from Nat's lab, holds it out to him at arm's length.

TRACY

Brought you this.

He shakes his head.

TRACY

Not hungry?

He rolls over with an effort, meets her eyes.

VACHON

Not anymore.

She reacts, realizing what he's telling her -- he's getting worse.

TRACY

This isn't fair, is it?

VACHON

Probably not.

TRACY

I mean, I knew there'd be some disadvantages to getting involved with a Vampire, sure...

(a strangled laugh)

You dying young was not supposed to be one of them.

VACHON

(beat)

If it's any comfort, you know -- I'm not actually young.

TRACY

You know what I mean. Dying before we had a chance...

(beat)

We just met.

He takes her hand, meets her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

VACHON

I'm usually the one left behind,
Trace. In 500 years I've buried a lot
of mortal friends.

*

TRACY

So when does it get easier?

VACHON

I'll let you know.

39 INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

39

Nick comes in looking a little peaked and a little
distracted. REESE catches sight of him:

REESE

Knight. Your partner's taking a
personal day. Said she had to sit
with a sick friend.

Nick reacts... but not so as Reese would notice.

*

REESE (cont'd)

(shakes his head)

How many times have I heard that one,
for everything from a golf date to a
little bit on the side.

(beat)

So, the Wyatt case? Any progress?

*

*

NICK

(covering)

We're working on it.

A beat. Reese waits for more. Then:

REESE

Maybe you want to tell me how come
nobody's gone over their personnel
records? Checked alibis? Had this
Garrett guy in for an interview?

Nick doesn't have an answer.

REESE (cont'd)

You got things on your mind, okay.
But you're letting a case slide, not
okay. Go have a talk with him.

*

40 INT. RAVEN - NIGHT

40

CLOSE ON LACROIX in his booth, on the air. He's looking very weak...

*
*

LACROIX

They say that the ages of man are Denial, Awareness, and Acceptance. A young man believes he will live forever. A middle-aged man knows he will die. An old man is ready.

(beat)

What, then, of those taken out of sequence? How to prepare them for the bitter end?

We PULL BACK through the glass of the booth to take in the Raven. It's not nearly as full as it usually is.

*

LACROIX

A man who knows he will not die is a young man. Whatever age or wisdom he may attain, he is kept young by knowing death ~~has~~ *shall have* no dominion ~~over~~ him.

He pauses for a deep cough, blots at his forehead -- the blood sweat, the sign of the fever.

*
*

LACROIX (cont'd)

*

There is nothing so hard as watching that die. A dozen in a single night, my children and my people, that should have lived forever -- living their last. Who would have believed they could die? My people, and my children?

*

His expression darkens... anger flares; desperation, denial -- both noble and pathetic.

*
*

LACROIX

This can not be. It will not be.
We. Will. Survive.

*
*
*

41 INT. HOWSEN PHARMACEUTICAL - LAB - NIGHT

41*

Calvin Tucker is bent over a microscope on the mezzanine in the dimly-lit late-night lab. He turns from it in quiet horror.

CALVIN

What have we done?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

Dan Garrett steps into frame.

DAN

What do you mean? You said it was working.

CALVIN

Because I was better.

(bitter)

I wasn't even on the damn drug.

*

He shoves the microscope toward Dan.

CALVIN

Look. It only works in the test tube.
HIV destroys it in vivo. What an
idiot I've been.

*

*

He picks up his jacket, starts to leave.

DAN

Where are you going?

CALVIN

Home.

Dan grabs his arm angrily.

DAN

You think you're gonna go back up to
your fat job at Metro General and
leave me picking up mouse droppings in
this place? What about the job you
promised? The research grant?

*

CALVIN

Don't you get it? It doesn't work.
There's no job, there's no project.
(beat)
You killed Linda Wyatt for nothing.

DAN

Dammit, you promised me!

*

He shoves Cal back toward the workbench. Cal tries to pull
free. They struggle, and Cal falls against a workstation,
sending a rack of chemicals crashing to the floor. The
tubes smash... and thick vapours immediately begin to rise
into the air.

*

*

*

*

CALVIN

Dan! Stop!

He manages to wrench free of Dan, sending Dan smashing into
the large container of liquid nitrogen.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 2

41

Dan's flailing arm smashes against a valve on the container as he comes face to face with a nozzle or tube extending from the container.

As the valve is tripped; pressurized liquid nitrogen gushes out - drenching Dan's face in an all but instant deep freeze. Dan's shriek of agony is cut off in mid cry... and he stumbles away from the torrent... already dead... and falls o.s.

41A ON CALVIN

41A*

Nailed to the spot; his look of horror as he looks down o.s. to Dan.

CALVIN

Dan!

But the room is filling with deadly vapour... Calvin starts to choke, his knees all but give out... he starts for the door, but collapses, tries to stand, stumbles a few more feet, can barely manage to call out.

CALVIN

Help. Somebody...

42 EXT. HOWSEN PHARMACEUTICAL - NIGHT

42*

Nick is pulling up... VAMPHEARS:

CALVIN (V.O.)

Help me! Somebody, please.

Nick gets out of the Caddy, scans the building to zero in, and WHOOSHES o.s. and go to:

43 INT. HOWSEN PHARMACEUTICAL - LAB - NIGHT

43*

Nick bursts in... finds:

CALVIN

motionless on the floor. Nick rushes to him, picks him up...

CALVIN

(through coughs)

Poison gas... Dan...

Nick looks back at Dan's o.s. body... grimaces slightly...

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

CALVIN (cont'd)
He tried to kill me... He killed
Linda.
(beat)
We both did.

*
*
*
*
*

NICK
We've got to go. Now.

*
*

Calvin's too disoriented to protest. Nick hustles him out of
the lab, and we:

*
*

FADE OUT.

*

END OF ACT FOUR

*

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

44 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

44

Calvin's back at the table, Nick across from him. The atmosphere is less friendly than last time. Calvin, exhausted and ashamed, is explaining, but the words have a dead quality to them... the weight of the world, shame and despair.

*
*
*

CALVIN

I thought it was working. I thought Linda had really found a cure. An antiviral that binds with HIV and protects the host. It worked in the test tube. But HIV overwhelms it in the body.

*
*
*

(trying to explain:)

Howsen Pharmaceutical is a small-change operation. They don't even have a full-time patents lawyer. It could have taken 10 years for Linda's treatment to make it to the market. 10 years I don't have. 10 years a lot of people don't have.

*

(beat)

I have connections. A good lab, a good lawyer. I could've had nationwide rollout in 18 to 24 months.

NICK

So you promised Dan Garrett a split if he stole it for you.

CALVIN

It wasn't about the money, or the credit.

(insistent)

God help me, I thought it worked. I wanted people to live.

NICK

Instead, two people died.

Calvin nods silently, looks down at his hands.

CALVIN

I would have done anything, paid any price, for a cure. It would have been worth it.

45 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

45

Reese and Natalie listen in on this conversation.

NATALIE

Captain, do we have to press charges on this?

REESE

He was involved in a crime that resulted in a woman's death. That's murder. We can't just let that slide.

(off her look)

I don't like it any better than you do.

(beat)

He's cooperating. He's facing up to it. I don't think he's a flight risk. We'll release him on his own recognisance.

(cold comfort)

The way the court calendars are these days, he might not reach trial.

He exits as Nick comes in.

NICK

I'm sorry, Nat. This isn't what I wanted.

NATALIE

I know.

(bleak)

So, the case is solved. Where does that leave us?

(beat)

He's still dying. You're still dying.

*
*

46 INT. CALVIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

46

Calvin sits toying with a bottle of prescription pills, maybe thinking about taking too many of them.

A gust of wind makes him look up, to see

LACROIX

standing over him, an avenging angel. He's not looking well -- the signs of the fever have progressed.

LACROIX

You've faced mortal justice, tonight, Doctor, and it has released you.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

CALVIN
(backing away)
Who are you?

Lacroix is suddenly behind him, moving so fast he seems to be teleporting.

LACROIX
One of the damned. Your damned. The search for the cure of your harmless little virus has brought my people to their knees. How many deaths will be on your conscience? A dozen? A hundred? A whole race?

(low)
A race that dare not speak its name cannot turn to medicine for help. They die silently, invisibly, out of the light. I am their only voice.

Calvin bolts for the door but Lacroix is in front of him again.

LACROIX
And my people ~~are hungry~~ for revenge.

Cry out
Lacroix takes hold of Calvin and sinks his fangs into his neck.

47 INT. NAT'S LAB - NIGHT

47

Nat and Nick enter together, each carrying a lab rat in a case:

NATALIE
At least I can get a larger viable dose from these, have a better look at what you're facing --

She stops mid-sentence as they see:

LACROIX

standing in her lab, looming over a sheet-draped form on the exam table. It's all Natalie can do not to drop the case she's carrying. We notice that Lacroix seems to no longer be suffering the effects of the virus.

*
*

NICK
What do you want, Lacroix?

Lacroix fixes Natalie with an angry look.

*

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

LACROIX

Oh, nothing really. But I thought
that now... in the hour of our death,
the good doctor would appreciate
seeing first hand the result of her
hypocrisy.

(beat)

You purport to help people, Doctor.
Proffer modern medicine as religion.
That faith and "technology" will not
be defeated.

Lacroix moves to the exam table and flips the sheet back,
revealing Calvin's body. Natalie reacts.

LACROIX (cont'd)

(a look to Calvin)

A false promise. *you* A lie. *Van* Can't
save your friend, *you* can't save us.
Powerless.

Natalie, normally crushed by this, has noticed something.

NATALIE

Why are you so angry? You're not
sick.

Lacroix reacts; what's she talking about? Nick, who has been
somewhat distracted through this because of his illness, now
sees that Natalie is right.

NICK

But you were sick, weren't you. What
happened?

Lacroix looks to him. Has no idea.

NATALIE

(it dawns on her)

You killed him. You drank his blood.

LACROIX

(still puzzled)

Yes. His reward for the plague he ~~has~~
~~brought~~ upon my house.

visited

NATALIE

How could I have missed this?

NICK

What?

Natalie moves to the exam table, rests a hand on Calvin's
shoulder. His death deeply saddens her, but the professional
in her is focused on the situation.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 2

47

NATALIE

(realizing)

He said HIV overwhelms it in the
body... destroys it.

She looks to Lacroix, a searing look.

NATALIE (cont'd)

My friend's disease... his death...
(a look to Nick, a bitter
tone)

...is going to save all of you.

Lacroix and Nick exchange a look.

HOLD ON NATALIE staring down at Calvin's body, and we go to:

48 INT. VACHON'S CHURCH - NEAR DAWN

48

Tracy sits vigil over Vachon's sleeping form. His eyes come
open, he looks up at her.

VACHON

Still here?

(off her nod)

How long...?

TRACY

The sun'll be up soon.

VACHON

You'd better go.

TRACY

I can stay. I don't mind.

He's touched, but --

VACHON

I'm not gonna make another night. You
don't want to see this.

TRACY

(realizing)

You told me once, the day you
became... what you are... the woman
who made you...

She trails off, knowing it but not wanting to say it.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

VACHON

She... rejoined the sun.
(manages a weak grin)

...Or something...

(beat)

I've always wondered what it would
feel like.

Vachon becomes aware of something, looks up to see

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 2

48

NICK

standing in shadow across the room. *

VACHON

quickly averts his eyes so Tracy doesn't turn to look.

VACHON

Tracy, go.

(means it)

Thanks for... for trying.

She hesitates a moment, then leans in, kisses him lightly on the lips. Then, before he can react, she runs out.

Nick LANDS next to him.

VACHON

Here to give me the last rites?

NICK

Were you expecting a priest?

(a smile)

Give me your arm.

He holds up his hand, showing a syringe. The cure.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

TAG

FADE IN:

49 EXT.- WATERFRONT - NIGHT (2ND UNIT)

49*

Some deserted, remote stretch. The sun has barely set.

Angle on Vachon. Standing at the top of small rise that overlooks the lake. As scenic as spot for internment as you're likely to find.

Watching in silhouette as he turns the last few spades of earth onto a new grave.

CLOSE ON Vachon. Pauses in his toil. Stares at Screed's grave for a beat then he resumes his work. Starts to sing softly to himself as he shovels.

Singing a chanty like Screed would have. The song from the Tease, maybe.

VACHON

(singing; sotto)

"...oh, he'd a sort of tippling way...

(a shovel full of dirt)

"...with a love of liquor born. Gallon
of whiskey every night, drop of the
creature every morn..."

He stops singing as the last shovel full of earth goes onto the mound. Vachon tamps it down with his boot a few times then:

VACHON

(smiles)

Told you I'd dance on your grave.

He bends down, touches the grave...

VACHON (cont'd)

(gently)

I tidied up a little, too. Your place
looks great. Might even move in
there, myself.

He rises... pulls a bottle from his coat pocket. Uncorks it with his teeth, salutes his dead friend and takes a long drink from it. Blood trickles from the corner of his mouth.

He wipes it away and

VACHON (cont'd)

See you in Hell, sailor.

And off that moment --

50 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

50

Close on the blade of a shovel as it cuts a hole into sod.

Pull back: Nick's done digging. He steps back from the small hole.

Natalie steps forward, bends down, gently tucks a pine seedling into the hole then tamps it in firmly with her hands.

Adjust to see that the tiny little tree is planted next to a headstone that reads, "Dr. Calvin Tucker, 1960-1995".

Natalie and Nick stand silently over Calvin Tucker's grave for a beat. Then, they turn and start off. As they go,

NICK

Natalie, when Lacroix asked you
why -- ?

NATALIE

Why try to save Vampires? Why not let
them die?

Natalie stops.

NATALIE (cont'd)

There are some who say AIDS isn't
worth curing. That people like Calvin
Tucker aren't worth saving. Who are
they to decide that? ...Who am I?

*
*

Natalie looks at Nick for a long beat. The she turns away and continues on.

Close on Nick. Watching her go.

*

Hold on him for a beat then

FADE OUT

THE END